marry? thus my Lord my deere Lord, and moſt eſteemed friend your brother *Troylus*.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus* hony ſweet Lord,

Pan. Go too ſweet Queene, go to?
Comends himſelfe moſt affectionatly to you.

Hel. You ſhall not bob vs out of our melody,
If you do our melancholy vpon your head.

Pan. Sweet Queene, ſweet Queene, thats a ſweet Queene I faith——

Hel. And to make a ſweet Lady ſad is a ſower offence.

Pan. Nay that ſhall not ſerue your turne, that ſhall it not in truth la? Nay I care not for ſuch words, no, no. And my Lord hee deſires you that if the King call for him at ſuper. You will make his excuſe.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*.

Pan. What ſaies my ſweete Queenem, y very very ſweet Queene?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where ſuppes he to night?

Hel. Nay but my Lord?

Pan What ſaies my ſweet Queene? my cozen will fall out with you.

Hel. You muſt not know where he ſups.

Par. Ile lay my life with my diſpoſer *Creſſeida*.

Pan. No, no? no ſuch matter you are wide, come your diſpoſer is ſicke.

Par. Well ile makes excuſe?

Pan. I good my Lord, why ſhould you ſay *Creſſeida*, no, your diſpoſers ſick. *Par.* I ſpie?

Pan. You ſpy? what doe you ſpie? come, giue mee an inſtrument, now ſweete Queene:

Hel. Why this is kindely done?

Pan. My Neece is horribly in loue with a thing you haue ſweete Queene.

Hel. Shee ſhall haue it my Lord, if it bee not my Lord *Paris*.

Pand. Hee? no? ſheele none of him, they two are tawine.

Hel. Falling in after falling out may make them three.

Pand.

Pand. Come, come, Ile he
ſong now.

Hell: I, I, prethee, now b
fine fore-head.

Pand: I you may, you ma

Hell: Let thy ſong be lo
Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.

Pand: Loue? I that it ſha

Par: I good now loue, l

Pand: *Loue, loue, nothing*
For o loues bow. Sh
The ſhafts confound
But ticles ſtill the ſ
Theſe louers cry, oh
Yet that which ſeem
Doth turne oh ho, to
So dying loue liues ſ
O ho a while, but ha
O ho grones out for

Hell: In loue I faith to t

Par. He eates nothing b
blood, and hot bloud beget
beget hot deedes, and hot d

Pand. Is this the gene
thoughts and hot deedes
neration of vipers:
Sweete Lord whoſe a field

Par: *Hector, Deipholus, H*
lantry of *Troy*. I would fain
would not haue it ſo.
How chance my brother T

Hell: He hangs the lipp
Pandarus.

Pand: Not I hony ſwe
they ſped to day:
Youle remember your brot

Par: To a hayre.

Pand: Farewell ſweete